

ENTER, THE FLAPPER

VS. STAGE GIRL—PEGGY CHALLENGES OLIVE IN SEX DUEL

"So the kid's using me," he chuckled to himself. "Well, bless her sweet eyes, she can." And the arm about Peggy, with a touch of bold grace, yet delicately, too, drew her nearer him. His eyes at last pulled hers away from their jealous regard of Bobby and Olive.

"Haven't you a single glance for your partner?" whispered Duncan. "How do you expect me to teach you anything?"

Peggy glanced up. Her face was warm, her head buoyantly spinning, her blood leaping. The strong draught of boldness she herself had poured, the summer night, the truant excursion, the handsome smiling face above hers, were intoxication too strong for a girl of her age. Recklessness swayed her.

"I'm the best little pupil you'll ever have. Show me—I'm ready."

"That's the pep, little lady."

The dance ended in a crescendo of clamor and speed. Most of the restaurant guests were at the coatroom door.

"Where do we go from here, boys?" It was Olive's clear voice that broke in.

"Oh, home, please," from Winnie. "We've exams tomorrow and Peggy and I must—"

"Shucks, Winnie, don't be a crappanizer. We'll phone mother we're taking a last whizz up the drive."

"Yes, phone. Ted, tell her we're coming straight home."

Ted Harker should have caught Winnie's look as he left, but being only a slow thinking college kid, he didn't. Five minutes later he joined the party at Bobby's car. "Your folks aren't home from the dance," said he.

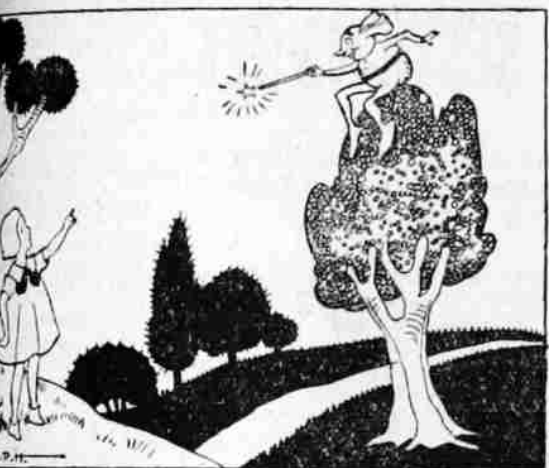
And Peggy's laugh smote fear to Winnie's heart.

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(To Be Continued)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON



to the top of a mulberry tree and grained down at the Twins.

INTO RABBITS.

"Well, anyway," she sighed, "it's good thing we—"

Suddenly she stopped.

"Oh! Oh! What's wrong? I feel so queer! And, Nickie, you look so funny. Your ears are a mile long."

Flap-Doodle had changed! Nicky and Nick into two white rabbits with just one wave of the magic wand!

(To Be Continued.)

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BRAIN TESTERS

A henpecked husband with a sense of humor was asked by a census taker how many there were in his family.

"Ten," said he. When asked for their names, however, he said that his wife and himself made the ten in the family.

"How's that?" asked the census man.

Solution tomorrow.

Yesterday's Solution: The gardener has laid the trees out in a circle, so it was only 10 yards from the first tree to the last.

White phosphorus will often burst into flame when exposed to the air for some time.

Olivia Thought She Had Found a Live One

BY ALLMAN



Baby Charmer Must Grow Up Quick to Be a Success This Winter



By MARIAN HALE.

The truth isn't always pleasant, but it is well to know the worst.

There has been a radical shakeup in vamping circles and the baby vamp has lost out.

Our fall and winter siren will be a slinky, slender, soaring sister, such as wrecked homes several seasons before the reign of the flapper.

The baby vamp had her chance, but she muffed it. She didn't last. Men fell for her, but not for long. She was hard on their bank accounts, but not on their hearts.

In other words, the fluffy darling could jazz all right herself, but she couldn't make a man's heart syncopate to anything like the fantastic measures of the old Theda Bara model. And she couldn't sustain the tempo.

So, she's out. If you don't believe this is the day of the tall girl just look at the styles. They're all made for her—draperies, long skirts, big hats and all.

The only thing left for the short girl is to put a few extra lifts on her heels, buy a comb a foot high, pin up her bobbed hair, use every inch of her spine, and create such illusions of the Woolworth building as she can.

Another cause contributing to the downfall of the baby vamp is said to have been her blondness. The past tense is used advisedly. Beauty specialists have decided that it takes

the dark lady to hold the attention of men.

Blond hair, pink and white skins and baby stares are forgotten when a man looks into midnight eyes.

Hence, men voted for the fade out of the blond.

So far no beauty doctor has advocated any measure for changing blue eyes to black, but wonderful effects are achieved by darkening the eyelashes and hand-painting shadows beneath light orbs.

And the way they can transform gold tresses to ebony is nothing short of breath-taking. You'll be surprised how you won't know your best friend this winter if the supply of black hair dye holds out.

Getting the olive skin that goes with the dark coloring is too easy for words. The shops are full of orange and brown face powders that are applied over a foundation of cold cream. The real color is buried far below.

After all, in no way does woman demonstrate her versatility so conclusively as in the way she is able to change, not only her mind, but her personality, figure, type and even her husband to meet the demands of the changing seasons.

The baby vamp can grow up if necessary—and she will. Her mind has always been mature.

If winter comes and finds you a blond flapper you have only yourself to blame.

SMALL FROSTED CAKES

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH

Cooking Authority for NEA Service and Columbia University. (Cut this out and paste it in your cook book.)

1-4 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1-2 cup milk, 1 1-2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla.

Work butter and sugar together until creamy. Add the eggs well beaten. Sift flour and baking powder and add to the butter and egg mixture alternately with milk. Add vanilla and beat well. Bake in small buttered patty pans or muffin tins 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven. This recipe will make 18 patty pan size cakes or 24 of the two-inch muffin tin.

All small cakes must be baked in an oven having it hotter at first than for larger cakes. Decrease the heat after the cakes have risen to the top of the pans and become slightly brown.

LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

Today's word is TURPIDITY.

It's pronounced—tur-pi-tood, with accent on the first syllable.

It means—inherent baseness or viciousness of principle, words or actions; shameful wickedness; depravity.

It comes from—Latin "turpis," foul, base.

It's used like this—"President Harding, in deciding to pardon certain wartime prisoners, took the position that their offenses, while such as to justify the sentences against them, did not imply moral turpitude on their part."

YOUR HEALTH

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

VICTIMS OF ADENOIDITIS.

If parents are realizing the immense handicap children who have infected tonsils or adenoids are laboring under, doctors all over the country would be so busy with operations alone that for awhile they would have little time for anything else.

Adenoids and large tonsils hold poisonous germs, from decayed food. These germs are often carried by the blood to the heart and cause heart disease. Sometimes they are carried in quantities to the joints and cause rheumatism.

Adenoids are a small, soft, reddish growth which comes in the back of the throat, where the nose and throat join. A child having adenoids breathes with open mouth, has frequent colds and may have constant earache or become deaf. Adenoids often dull the expression of the eyes, destroy the resonance of the voice and distort the facial expression so as to produce a blank, idiotic stare. They hinder mental development by interfering with proper physical development.

The best time to remove adenoids is when they are first recognizable to a physician.

Enlarged tonsils obstruct the passage of air through the mouth. This is such a great impediment to breathing that it causes diminished lung expansion and the under-development of the chest with a consequent weakening of all vital powers.

When a quart of sweat evaporates from your body you release 500 calories of heat.

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KIRK'S COCOA HARDWATER CASTILE

proves to me that it has no equal," declares W. F. Hogan well-to-do farmer, R. F. D. 7, Dallas, Texas. Stomach Trouble and its many allied diseases

seldom fail to respond to the Tanlac treatment. It aids digestion, restores your strength and builds up your reserve power. At all good druggists.

In all the world no soap that bubbles like it. Try it.

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Dorothy Dix Talks

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

THE VALUE OF GOOD MANNERS

It is announced that there is a movement on foot to introduce the teaching of good manners in the public schools.

Heaven grant that this is true. It would mean the greatest moral uplift in civilization that has taken place in a hundred years, for the only way to tame the barbarian is to do it when he is young. Also it would give the world the greatest moral uplift it has ever known for after all, in the last analysis good manners are merely unselfishness and consideration for others. They compose the Golden Rule of treating other people as you would like to be treated.

Every school should include the teaching of good manners in its curriculum because not even a knowledge of how to read and write is more important than a knowledge of how to meet people of what to do, say and eat properly. Indeed, good manners will carry a man or woman much farther in life than any amount of book learning will, and had manners will be a greater handicap than ignorance. Between the courteous dillard and the boorish scholar, we will take the dillard every time.

The one thing that the old-fashioned "Female Seminars" and "Academies" and "Girls' Finishing Schools" had to recommend their instruction in the sciences and mathematics may have been, they religiously drilled their pupils in good manners. No girl went out of them with a blue ribboned diploma without knowing how to meet strangers graciously, how to move about a room without lumbering around like a cow in a china shop, without knowing how the place or without being thoroughly grounded in table etiquette as she was in her catechism.

In these important respects girls have the advantage of their brothers in education, for nobody has seemed to think it worth while to include specific instruction in the niceties of good manners in a boys' school course. The general attitude towards the subject has been to let the boys will, and when to rise up and sit down, and whether to take hold of a lady's hand as if it was a barrel of sugar, or if he does need to know of sugar, things that he will be divinely inspired with the knowledge at the moment he needs it.

All of which is a fatal mistake. A man's manners go just as far in making or marring his career as a woman's do. He can no more afford to be a sword-swallower, or gargoyle, or a woman, than she can.

Not long ago a big business concern needed a new superintendent. It was a ten thousand dollar job to start with, and they wrote and asked a certain young man who had made exceedingly good in their line to come to see them in regard to the place.

He came. He was a handsome young fellow, bright, energetic, thoroughly capable. They were about to employ him when lunch time came, and

and the young man gave an illustration of feeding that would have done credit to a prize pig.

He ate with his knife. He threatened to gouge his eyes out with his spoon standing in his coffee cup. He fairly laid down in his plate. He made a big of his napkin, and crowned the performance by artlessly picking his teeth.

"We simply couldn't associate with a man with such manners," said the big business man, "so some excuse was made and the young man sent back home. He doesn't know, and will never know, that he lost his big chance in life by not having been taught good table manners."

This sort of thing happens continually. We are repulsed by people or attracted to them; we deny them their rights, or throw favors to them, simply because they have bad manners or good manners. A man once wrote and asked Henry Ward Beecher if it was proper to eat peas with his knife. Beecher replied that a very great genius might venture to do so, but it wasn't safe for anybody who wasn't sure he was a genius to risk it if he wished to be well thought of by his fellow-creatures.

That view of good manners still holds true. A man who is a wizard at a doctor, a profoundly versed in the law, or who has the superlative stock of goods in town, may flout the conventions and defy the rules of etiquette, and get away with it, possibly, but unless one is very sure that he or she is a world wonder it is worth while to cultivate good manners as the best known method of achieving success.

One may find that the man who keeps his hat on while he talks to a woman, and who lets her stand while he sits, has really a noble nature. We may find that the man who eats with his knife has a heart of gold, and the one who merely grunts when we speak to him, is a graduate of half a dozen universities, but most of us have been so disgusted at the surface manners of the people that we never take the trouble to get any better acquainted with them. We turn instinctively to the suave, agreeable individual who does not grasp our sensitivities. Nobody makes a pet of a porcupine. It's the nice, soft, silky cat that we stroke the right way, and feed upon cream.

Of course the supposition is that the teaching of good manners is something that should be done in the home, and that parents should instruct their children while they are still in the nursery in all the arts of gracious conduct. We ignore the fact that there are thousands upon thousands of children in our public schools who come from homes where the struggle to get something to eat precludes any thought of how it should be eaten, and where the fathers and the mothers know nothing of the amenities of life—only its struggle.

If these children are to learn any good manners, they must be taught them in the public schools, and what better can the public schools teach children than how to act like ladies and gentlemen, how to be courteous and considerate, and gentle of speech and manner?

AN EDITORIAL BY FLORENCE DAVIES

SALVATION BY WORK

Nations aren't so very different from folks. Most of the same old truths which we discovered long ago about people are just as true of countries.

There's Mr. Ford's plan for Mexico, for instance. Mr. Ford is just a little like the doctor who turned everything into fits and then cured fits—that being the only malady he knew how to cure.

Mr. Ford knows how to make motor cars and he evidently thinks that if he can just get enough folks to making motor cars, all of their troubles, from the high cost of living to the income tax would cease.

At least, that's his remedy for Mexico, poor, quarrelsome lazy, belligerent Mexico.

And the queer part about it is that it is probably very largely right. For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, whether the idle hands belong to the little boy in the last row or to a more or less idle nation.

The Mexican laboring man is far more inclined to work when he is hungry and then forget the time clock until the dinner bell falls to ring.

And while there are those who will smile at the factory system as a panacea for the idle, they cannot smile at the fruits of industry.

Recreation experts made a great discovery when they found out that play is one of the fundamental requirements of human beings, that grown people as well as children demand it for sanity and balance and mental and physical well-being. But they never meant to have us believe that play is anything but a kind of punctuation of the main story of life, which is work. Perhaps the absence of the wood pile and the pump has something to do with the restlessness of the modern youngster.

We don't want to see any more babies in the gin factories and the cotton fields, stunting their minds and bodies and growing old before their time. But on the other hand, we do know that there is nothing which best a good job as a builder of character.

Take it all in all, it is the idle people, the very poor and the very rich, who are the unhappy people. The rest of us who are put to it to earn our living in eight hours a day, manage to get some fun out of the game, despite the scramble.

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